

Page By Page

by Whispering Kage

Category: Inuyasha, X-overs

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kagome H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-12-30 00:42:44

Updated: 2013-03-22 20:08:04

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:16:23

Rating: M

Chapters: 17

Words: 23,515

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Everyone enjoys a good book, getting sucked deeper and deeper into the story with each turn of the pageâ€¦| Series of One shots and Drabbles. Rare and never before done suggestions welcome.

1. The Darkest Hour: Skyler

****Page By Page****

****WhisperingKage****

****Summary: Everyone enjoys a good book, getting sucked deeper and deeper into the story with each turn of the pageâ€¦| Series of One shots and Drabbles. Rare and never before done suggestions welcome.****

* * *

><p>Pairing: SkylerKagome**

****Series: The Darkest Hour****

* * *

><p>Kagome frowned as she sat at her spot at the meeting table, her eyes flickering over the two young men who stood in the doorway, staring up at the projection screen in awe and disbelief. She felt bad for them, remembering when she was in their shoes, a new comer to a new country trying to start a new and make a name for herself.<p>

She glanced at her boss, and current boyfriend a frown on her face, he should have sent them an e-mail or better yet called them to let them know what was happening. A trip to Moscow was not cheap at all, plus as it was her boss was making fun of them, after stealing their

idea. She shook her head and looked away from her boss.

She stared at the two young men, a smirking pulling at her lips when one of them called her boss a douche, he could be quiet douchy. Yet, they both paid for that comment.

"Security will see you out." His voice was tight with annoyance at being called such names in front of his business partners and his current girlfriend. He watched with smug eyes as they were lead out of the room and turned to the others in the room a smile on his face. "Let's get back on track eh?"

Kagome merely tuned him out, thinking of the decisions she had made that had gotten her here. After the Shikon was completed and Naraku dead, she wished the cursed thing away and was flung back into her time. She had been depressed at the sudden abrupt departure from those she considered a second family. To battle said depression she had thrown herself into her studies. Raising her once horrid 2.3 GPA to a solid 3.6, her mother had been so proud.

She had graduated high school with flying colors and moved onto college, studying business as well as foreign language's. An odd choice for the shikon miko, her own brother thought she would become either an author, writing about her journeys, or a history major. She had entertained both ideas at one point in time yet found them not to be for her.

She liked the cold cut throat business world, it reminded her of her nii-san. In her younger days she often envisioned him living to her time and being the head of a large multibillion corporation. Sadly, he had not lived to her time, no demons had and she was faced with the reality that her ties to the past had truly been cut.

She grew to accept it, and moved past it. Sadly her family always tried to remind her of it, asking about her journeys and reminding her of things that certain people said or did. It started to draw her depression back out. Luckily she was in her last year of college when she had been offered an internship at a huge company in Sweden, she jumped at the chance, having taken the langue the semester before at her teachers urging.

Her family had been upset at first, not wanting to lose her again, yet relented to her going. Happy that she had a new passion in life, and had sent her off with smiles and well wishes. In no time she had settled into Sweden, used to being thrust into new places alone. She wrapped up her internship with flying colors and landed a job as a worker bee in the hive that was her company.

In little to no time she had worked her way up the ladder and in less than two years she was working under Skyler, a big shot in their company and the business world. At first things had been tense he was a tad bit shady and though she enjoyed the cut throat world of business she also thought there should be some code of honor. As time went by she grew to accept his way of thinking and over time came to like him and vice versa.

Now a year later they were going out and were also the top dogs at their company. Though she still disliked his shady ways, like what he had just pulled. Stealing Ben and Sean's idea for their social networking/party locating software. They were the ones who thought of

it and had come to him for help with sealing the deal with Moscow. Yes, they should have paid more attention to the paper work but still. They had every right to be pissed off; they had just been swindled out of a cool 1.5 mil.

With a sigh she tuned back into the conversation, knowing he wouldn't need her help with sealing the deal, and glanced at her watch. She was bored.

Skyler smiled as he shook the hands of those around the table, the deal now finalized and in black and white. He turned to Kagome, expecting to see her smiling at him, he had just landed a huge account and almost by himself. Yet she was clearly bored, staring at her watch, and waiting for the meeting to be over with. He knew she would be cross with him, she herself had liked the two young men he had just screwed over, plus she did have a code of ethics.

With a final nod at his business partners she stood up, Kagome doing so as well, and they made their exit. Her black heels clacked on the stone floor of the building as they made their way towards the elevator.

A slim manicured finger pressed the down button, a small frown on her pink lips, as she felt his gaze bore into her. He no doubt wanted her to sing his praises and inflate his already huge ego. She would not, yes it was a huge deal for their company but the way he made it was shady and she did not like it. He would be getting the silent treatment until they were back in Sweden.

With an awkward silence they entered the elevator and began the long ride down the first floor. "It wasn't my fault they didn't; fill out all the proper paper work." It was a cold statement. She merely puckered her lips. "Yup." Her reply was just as cold.

He sighed running a hand through his blonde hair, hating when she was cross with him. "Look, well go out tonight and celebrate, what do you say? We did just land the biggest deal of our careersâ€|" He shot her a small smile, wiggling his eyebrows at her.

She wanted to say no, yet he knew how to work her and with a small sigh she nodded. "Fine, but I won't enjoy it." She turned her nose up at him.

He smirked as he stooped down to steal a small kiss from her lips, grinning as she rolled her eyes at him. "Douche." She smirked as he frowned and muttered a small curse word in his native tongue.

* * *

><p>AN: Yes, I'm back, er well I have been writing just on other sites and accounts, but decided to come back here because its such a hassle to have so many e-mails and passwords to remember.T _T I hope you guys don't mind! I will stick to the guide lines of this site so my more...mature stuff will still be over on A03, I hope you guys enjoy having me back on this account! Much love!**

~Kage

2. Moulin rouge: Christian

****Male: Christian****

****Series: Moulin rouge****

* * *

><p>Kagome sighed as she looked out the dank drab apartment she had come to call home, looking over the city that she had found herself in after the end of her adventures. It had been a long journey one she had started as a young naive girl and had ended as a young woman.<p>

She was twenty two when her journey in the past had ended, Naraku had been slain and the jewel complete. She recalled it clearly, everyone gathered around her bumped and bruised yet ready to wish away the horrid little bauble that had caused so much heart break for anyone that so much as uttered its cursed name.

With a tired weary sigh she cupped the jewel in her hands, her husband Inu Yasha at her side, and lifted it to her chest. With a coarse worn voice she wished the thing away and it was gone in a flash of lightâ€|and so was she.

She had been ripped from the time she had come to call her own and flung into another. She had no idea how she ended up where she had, in another time and place. Yet she took it in stride. It had been hard, of so hard trying to fit in, to forge her own path. Her English was broken at most yet she had learned as she went.

Many had tried to take advantage of her trusting nature, more than once she had almost been tricked into prostitution, the only way for young women to make any real money in this time, yet had weaseled her way out. She would rather be homeless and on hard cold streets then to sell her body.

Yes, she understood some women had no choice and had to that to get by but, she was not one of them she was used to living off the land. Plus, while they were n longer in the same time or country she was married. When she had turned twenty Inu Yasha and her had been married, and they were happyâ€|most of the time.

He still longed for Kikyo every once and a while and over time her school girl passion for him had waned a bit, but there was still love between them. Even now, knowing she would most likely never see him again, he held a special spot in her heart. Some part of her would always belong to him, he was her first love.

"Thinking about the past again?" She jumped lightly as a book bopped her on the head, not hard enough to hurt but enough to startle. She rolled her eyes and yanked the book from her attackers hands and turned around to look at said attacker.

He was a few years older than her and was dressed in a pair of black slacks light brown suspenders keeping the up and a dark brown jacket over his white dress shirt. His black hair looked tussled and his bangs fell to rest above his brown eyes, which were alight with mirth.

She huffed at him and playfully glared. "Always the gentleman eh, Christian?" She smiled as he laughed lightly at their inside joke. "Only with you my dear now look!" He pointed excitedly at the book in her hands and she lowered her own blue eyes to look at it.

She gasped and looked up from the book to gaze at him then back at the book. "It got published?" She bounced in her chair looking like an excited child told that it was Christmas morning.

"Yup, they also want s sequel, you my dear are now a published author! Congratulations!" He grunted as she stood up and hugged him tightly, her head only coming up to his chest. He hugged her back, inhaling the light sent of perfume that she used.

Images of Moulin rouge flashed in his head, a sultry red head with dark red lips. He pushed the thoughts away and held her tighter enjoying the way she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled back to look at him, a genuine smile on her face.

"Oh thank you Christian! How can I ever repay you? You've done so much for me!" It was true he had taken her in after finding her huddle on in the alleyway of his apartment building all those months ago. Giving her a roof over her head, food in her stomach, a bed to sleep in and clothes to wear. As if that wasn't enough he had gotten her published!

He was the driving force behind her writing about her adventures and telling the world of what had happened all those years ago in Feudal Japan, of all those who had fought so hard to save the world not caring that they would never be thanked. He also thought her love, one that defied time and space, deserved to be shared so that others would realize that love still existed.

Christian merely shook his head. "Anything for you my dear Kagome, now let us go celebrate!" He easily picked up her smaller form and gave a twirl, making the skirt of her dark blue dress flair in the air. He enjoyed the way she laughed and clung tighter to him. "Christian!"

She laughed as he put her down, her arms moving to his waist to steady herself, with ease he held her up as she regained her bearings. She blushed as she noticed his hands were resting on her hips. While she knew he had feelings for her and she harbored some for him, she just wasn't ready to act on them.

She knew he also had a great love once, everyone knew of the story of the Moulin rouge, of the love he held with Satine, and how tragically it had ended. Even now in his sleep he muttered her name. It didn't bother her, for she was the same. She still thought of and loved Inu Yasha but slowly the man that held her in his arms was starting to take over her heart.

With a blush she stood on her tip toes and gave him a kiss on his cheek. He smiled and rested his forehead on hers, he knew how she felt, and he agreed. They would take things slow, take their time and get to know each other more, learn to love each other more. They both had past lover's and while they were not jealous of said lovers they would respect them.

He still loved Satine in some ways and he knew she still loved Inu

Yasha. All that he cared about was that he was growing to care for the young woman in his arms more and more each day. Maybe one day they would take that step and become full lovers in every sense of the word but for now he was content to know he loved her and she loved him, after all the greatest thing in the world was to love and be loved in return.

3. Snow White And The Huntsman: Eric

****Male: Eric The Huntsman****

****Series: Snow White And The Huntsman****

* * *

>Kagome frowned as she made her way through the forest, something was off, she could feel it in her very bones. She weaved her way through the trees and underbrush, her knee length green tunic like dress snagging only lightly. Her soft brown leather boots, over black leggings, muffled her steps as she navigated her way through the woods she had come to call home.<p>Her breath came out in small puffs, winter was approaching and bringing with it bone chilling cold, her pale skin was flushed as her body shivered at the low temperature. Her hair was pulled back from her pale angular face, tied by a leather string to keep it out of her dark blue eyes. Her arrows rattled lightly in their old leather quiver, the hawk feathers of her arrows shifting lightly in the breeze.<p>

She had been born and raised in the small village bordering the 'wicked forest' which was said to hold monsters and more. She scoffed at those rumors, it could be dangerous but only to those it did not like. She was one of the very few that it had welcomed into its depths and had shown her its secrets, she would be ever grateful for that.

After the Queen had come into power, killing the King to do so, the kingdom had fallen into darkness. Women young and old were gathered and brought to her castle and were never seen again. She had fled, being but twelve at the time, into the forest, carnage and screams echoing behind her. She had not wanted to flee, wanting to stay with her mother and father but her mother had been captured and her father slain, his dying words telling her to run.

It had almost seemed like a life time ago, she was now in her late twenties and the 'witch of the wicked forest', she was fine with that. People left her alone, she liked to be alone, yet there was someone in her forest and she knew she should look into it. So with hastened steps, hoping it was not anyone under the banner of the Queen, she made her way towards the disturbance.

She could smell the ale and hear his bodily fictions far before she saw him, he let out a loud drunken belch as she came upon him, hiding in the brush to observe the intruder. He was no doubt a huntsman; he wore weathered dark brown leather, carried an axe as well as other hunting knives and was haggard looking. He had dark brown almost black hair pulled back into a small pony tail, the rest of his hair flowing down to rest above his shoulders. His hair was matted and just as dirty as the rest of him, he was unshaven and drunk out of his mind.

She watched him for a few more minutes; he took a sloppy drink from a leather flask, ale trailing down his chin, trying to decide what to do. Most of the time she would leave drunkards be, let the forest do as it pleased with them. Yet, even though he was drunk off his ass, literally sitting on the cold hard ground, she could sense a deep sadness from within him. Her own sadness seemed to echo his, and with a sigh her mind was made up.

Her feet made the barest of sounds and she was surprised when light blue eyes narrowed in her direction. She paused only for a moment before approaching him, keeping his gaze. He laughed lightly. "I must be drunk to see such a vision in such a cursed forest." She arched an eyebrow at him and nudged him with her foot. "I assure you I am real, as is the danger you are in."

He merely took another swig of his ale and leaned back against a tree, looking ready to pass out. He cracked an eye open at her. "Are you not also in danger? Wandering these woods alone." She shrugged her shoulders, feeling a slight headache creep up on her, not used to dealing with people, let alone drunk ones. "No more so than anything else that lives here."

He gave a light hearted chuckle. "Would you be the witch of these woods?" He looked her over head to toe and laughed some more running a hand through his tangled and matted hair. "You look like no witch I've ever seen."

She cocked her hip as she stared down at him, hating to be leered at like a piece of meat, but he was drunk. "I am no more a witch than you are a noble." She took the jab, his leer still fresh in her mind. He sat up a bit, slightly unbalanced. "How do you know I'm not a noble?" She merely gave him a blank stare and he let out a hearty laugh. "Ah, point taken!"

She shook her head as other things in the forest started to take notice of the intruder and with a sigh she crouched before and leveled him with a cool stare. "If you wish to live I suggest moving your drunken self elsewhere—other things are taking notice and they are not as nice as I." She watched as the mirth fled from his eyes and was replaced with pain and bitterness.

"—You same seeking death." It was a statement not a question and they both knew it. He merely grunted and took a swig from his now almost empty flask. She sighed, many often came to the forest to meet their ends, though none had come in such a manner. Drunk and still drinking merely as they waited for their end to find them, waiting to greet it like an old friend.

With a sigh she stood up, ready to leave him to his fate, for who was she to deny him something he had chosen and for his own reasons. She paused as he made a small sound, she craned her neck to look at him one brow arched. "Yes?"

He furrowed his eyebrows at the young lass, no younger than him then by five years or so. He had not expected to meet the 'witch of the forest' let alone for her to be such an innocent fair looking young woman, or so serene surrounded by such darkness. "You do not wish stop me?" It was an innocent and curious question.

"Who am I to stop you, a mere stranger, from doing what you want. I'm sure you have your reasons, but I would not like to get caught up in them." It was true, she was perfectly fine living in her hut alone surrounded by the forest that protected her. She had no want or need to get tangled up in this strangers affairs.

He couldn't help the gut busting laugh that escaped him, she was so blunt! Unlike the other women he had met who talked in riddles and played with a man like he was a toy, a puppet whose strings they could pull and tangle and then toss them to the side when they were bored.

Kagome stared at the man, wondering if he had gone mad, if so then she would take her leave now. Nothing was more dangerous than a drunken mad man. With a shake of her head she began to walk away, sighing when she noticed the heavens had opened up and snow was lightly falling, turning the world around her white.

A small soft smile pulled at her lips, she loved the snow, it made everything white|pure. She paused in her steps when she heard light ones following after her. With dread settling in her stomach she turned around and saw the mad drunkard. "What do you want?"

He grinned as he staggered over to her, his footsteps almost inaudible. "You intrigue me." He paused as she glared at him, his mirth falling lightly. "You remind me of my wife|she too was a spit fire." She sighed, now knowing the reason he so wished to meet his end. "I am not her." She would give him no illusions, even if she felt her heart throb at his pain she was no one but herself.

He nodded, his face grim. "I know, even so you intrigue me. " His words held no hidden meaning, just a tint of awe. He had not planned for things to end up this way, he had planned to get drunk and fall prey to whatever lurked in the woods. Not to meet a young woman who reminded him of his late wife, Sara, who made him second guess his choice with no more than a few sentences.

Kagome sighed, knowing he would do as he pleased no matter what she said, it was his way she could tell, and with a small nod of her head she began leading him towards her home. "Follow me drunkard, tell me your tale." He followed after her. "I am a huntsman, young witch." He smiled in mirth as she grumbled under her breath.

4. GI Joe Rise Of The Cobra: Snake Eyes

****Male: Snake Eyes****

****Series: GI Joe Rise Of The Cobra (Movie)****

* * *

><p>Kagome crossed her arms over her chest, her hip cocked to the side and tried her best to ignore the woman lounging so freely on her long time lover, as if they were a couple or he was her chair. Her eye brow ticked as she stared at her now superior. "So|I've been transferred _yay!_" The sarcasm in her voice was plain and normally she would have felt bad but, she was tired and cranky.

She had been woken up at four in the morning told she had be transferred to a branch in America and was put on a flight that took half a day. She was dead tired, as it was she bet she looked like the walking dead, in a pair of dark green sleeping shorts, an over sized black sweat shirt and a white tank top under that. On her feet were a pair of beat up old sneakers and her long black hair was pulled into a messy bun.

Her dark blue eyes swirled to an African man, she glared as he approached her and threw an arm around her shoulder. "Hey baby, calm down eh? You just got here let's get _acquainted_" She resisted the urge to punch him, her limit having been reached the moment she walked into the high tech meeting room, the sight greeting her pissing her off in a way she hadn't been in _years_.

"Remove your hands form my person or I _will_ hurt you." Her voice was flat. He merely grinned and leaned down even more to pull her closer, thinking she was a new techy or something a hot one at that. "No need to be so grouchy-shit!" He cursed even louder as she twisted his arm behind his back and brought him to his knees. "Okay! Okay!"

With a low snarl she let him go and moved to leave the room. "I'm going to bed. I'll find you guys later, you can brief me then." With that she excited the room leavening behind a room full of stunned people and one concerned yet slightly amused one.

It took her little to no time to find her way to his quarters and with a shuffle of her feet she tossed off her shoes, took off her black sweater tossed it somewhere in his room and jumped into his bed. She inhaled his scent, having not smelled it in years. With a content sigh she curled into a ball hugging his pillow.

Dead to the world and enjoying it.

He would be lying if he said he hadn't expected to walk in on the scene that was waiting for him in his room. There she was curled up in the middle of his bed hugging his pillow. With a small smile he shut his door and locked it, not wanting his unwanted suitor to enter his room. She had been getting much bolder lately and he didn't want to upset her by outright rejecting her, it could make the dynamic of the team wonky, but he knew he would have to do it soon.

Before the small spit fire in his bed did so, the fall out would be a pain in the ass to deal with. He was surprised she hadn't done so already when Scarlet had draped herself across him like he was her chair. He shook his head to clear the thoughts away, no use dwelling on the past. With skilled fingers he took off his head gear revealing blond hair, pale skin, and blue eyes. He set his helmet on the table by the door and started removing his gloves.

"'Snake eyes' eh?" He smiled as she turned to face her, she was sitting in the middle of his bed, her hair a messy bun, the left strap of her tank top hanging off of her shoulder, and her blue eyes staring right at him, clear and sparking in amusement.

He removed his shoes and climbed in the bed with her, he smiled wider as she hugged him, moving so she was sitting in his crossed legs facing him her head on his shoulders. "I missed you." He tightened his arms around her. She sighed. "Nii-san has gone off the deep

endâ€|even more so then before."

He frowned at the mention of her elder brother and one he used to call brother before he killed their master. As if sensing his thoughts she pulled back and smiled at him. "But that can waitâ€|why was that woman all over you." He grinned, resting the urge to laugh for the first time since his vow of silence, she was so cute. Her cheeks were puffed out in annoyance, her plump lower lip was also jutted out, a light angry blush on her cheeks and her eyes were boring into his.

He gave her a blank stare before rolling his eyes and pulling her closer making her giggle. "Yeah, yeahâ€|I _will_ be having a nice _long_detailed chat with her later." She grinned as he rested his head on shoulder. With a sigh she let her hands play in the small curls that rested above his neck. "Do you think I was to mean?" She winced recalling the bitchitude she had when she had first met her new team. "Yeah I was, I know but I was tired!" She sighed throwing her hands up in the air, her legs moving to rest on either side of his hips.

With a sigh she let her arms plop down next to him. "I'll have to make it up to them." She nodded, her eyes shining in determination. He merely smiled; knowing that she hadn't meant to snap but if there was one thing you didn't mess with when it came to her it was her sleep. She was not a morning person nor did she enjoy being kept up when she was tired.

With a content smile he nuzzled her neck inhaling her scent, he had missed her so very much but they both had to tread on their own paths and understood that. Luckily their paths had once again crossed and this time he would not let her go, her 'nii-san' would not pull them apart a gain. The man had already taken away the closet thing he had to a father, and in doing so had spit on the brotherly affection he had offered him.

He blinked as he felt a light tug on his hair, he blushed he realized Kagome's face was a mere centimeter away from his own. Her warm sweet breath fanning over his face, her eyes boring into his. "No need to think of the past, ne? Let focus on the here and now." With a devious smile she let her weight fall back on the bed, pulling him with her.

She sighed contently as his body weight pressed her smaller body into the bed, there was nothing sexual about it, well maybe a tiny bit but not at the moment, she had slept with him in his bed since the head of their clan had taken him in. Her Nii-san hated it, hated him, but she didn't care. Even back then she had been drawn to him and vice versa and thus their sleeping habits had been born.

Ever since he had left Japan to walk his own path she had trouble sleeping, but now she was back where she belonged. With a happy smile she let her eyes slide shut, knowing she could trust him. He smiled as he rolled them over, her eyes still closed, and got settled, the weight of her on top of him relaxing him in a way he had been able to in years.

With a light sigh and a nearly inaudible whisper of her name he fell asleep, fully relaxed and content for the first time in years. Kagome smiled lightly, only a step away from sleep, and cuddled closer to

him a light whisper of his own name on her lips, a name that not even five people in the world knew. She was one of the lucky ones and she would never betray that trust, she was not her nii-san. She'd call him whatever he wanted to be called until he decided it was time to be the real him again.

5. Resident Evil: Albert Wesker

****Male: Albert Wesker****

****Series: Resident Evil****

****Beta: ShiTsukisama****

* * *

><p>Kagome sighed as she sat in the stark white room, dressed in plain white sweat pants and a white short sleeve shirt. Her foot tapped against the foot rest, her white sneakers making a small noise with each movement. She glanced around the small room; people in stark white crisp lab coats pattered about some had clip boards or papers in their hands. Others had vials of odd colored liquids, syringes, and a few had a couple vials of her blood.<p>

She twitched as the nurse sitting next to her tied a tourniquet around her pale arm, wiping the flesh clean with an alcohol wipe, getting her arm ready draw even more blood. It was all they did now a days, drew blood, ran test on her blood then drew some more. Days came and went like this, only a few small changes in the routine every once and a while.

She let out a low wince, more from watching the needle sink into her flesh then actual pain, as the needle was inserted and her blood rushed to fill the vials that were waiting. She was more then used to being a glorified pin cushion, it came with the papers she had signed.

They had come to her when the first outbreak had begun, it was small and contained yet it was only a matter of time before it happened in other places. She remembered the news stories, they covered it up well, calming it was a new sting of drug that people were using. The stories were bought up by the press and public, after all who wanted to believe it was a zombie outbreak? They only existed in movies and games right?

She recalled her brother often joking with his friends coming up with plans should an out break happen after watching Dawn of The Dead. She could only hope they were true to their word and not just blowing smoke. She had no idea, she was cut off. Contained in the underground facility known as the hive. She had no idea how long she had been there, the days blurred into weeks the weeks into months.

How she hoped her family and friends were okay, she often asked Wesker, the head of the site they were in, yet he always danced around the question. He had a bad habit of that, of wording his answers in ways that were both cryptic and annoying. She hated it and he knew it.

Her gaze wandered over to him, he was the only thing not white in the

room. As always he was wrapped in black, head to toe. Black button down dress shirt tucked into black pants, said pants were tucked into a pair of combat boots. Over his broad shoulders was an unbuttoned black trench coat. His eyes were hidden by a pair of black sunglasses, even now she had no idea what color they were. She often mused they could be blue, which would go along hand and hand with his slicked back pale blond hair.

He towered over the two scientists that were at the table he was standing in front of, all of them looking at various genetic codes as they popped up on the screen. She briefly let her powers flow into her arm, at the request of the nurse, and sighed as even more of her blood was taken. This time her powers flowed in her blood, making it glow lightly. She had been surprised when they believed her claims of being a miko, everyone else had scoffed at her and though she was insane.

They hadn't, they took it into consideration and used it as just another part of the equation as to why she wasn't infected after a run in with an infected. It had happened a little after the stories of a man attacking another and eating his face off had come out of Miami Florida in the US. She had been minding her own business walking home from work when she had been attacked. She, having been used to being attacked by things of all species and sizes held her own, holding back even as to not hurt the sick woman.

Bad idea, the woman had lunged at her teeth snapping. She had been bit a total of five times before they had shown up, S.T.A.R.S as she later learned they were called, they shot the woman in the head and then turned on her, guns pointing at her. It had been tense, she had never dealt with such people before, and before she knew what was going on she was cornered and whisked off to a lab in Tokyo.

She had been put under observation, stuck in a plain white hospital gown and shoved in a small room with one way glass. She was there for hours; she could feel them just watching her. She had no idea how long she had been stuck there, falling asleep on and off and it wasn't until they were sure she wasn't infected that anyone even approached her.

They had come in a team of three all in bio hazard suits and started asking her questions, taking blood and other things. She had complied merely wanting to know what in the hell was going on. They always ignored her questions, until she had ripped the mask off of one of them thus contaminating him. The others fled leaving him behind with her to answer her questions.

She was floored; she was in an Umbrella Corporations lab, being quarantined because she had been exposed to a new sickness that made others go mad and want to kill each other. It was contracted through bodily fluids and fast acting. They had been dispatching small units to deal with any and all outbreaks before it got too bad and then covered it up so as to not start a mass panic.

A good idea, after all most teens would assume the sick people were zombies and thus the 'Zombie apocalypse' would begin, innocent sick people would be killed because they displayed traits similar to Hollywood's most famous and favored monster. It was a new mutation of the flu, much like the swine flu was. It had come out of nowhere and was slowly spreading, and they had to stop it.

If only she had known then what she knew now.

Though as she had learned after her years of traveling in the past had come to abrupt end, the past was the past and there was nothing one could do to change that. With a small wince she shot the nurse a small disgruntled look and rubbed her sore arm, the rubber tourniquet having pinched her arm as it was taken off. The nurse merely walked away, the vials of her glowing blood in her hands.

Damn snotty people, yes she understood the world was ending around them but damn would it kill them to be a little bit nicer? It was her blood they were using to try and fight the now ever mutating disease, which made people go insane and attacked anyone or thing that moved. It took a shot to the head to even put one down, they brushed off bullets like snowflakes. It all sounded far too similar, eerily so, to a zombie movie for her tastes.

With a huff she sat up, fully, and rubbed the skin where the needle had pierced her body, it had already healed but the few remaining drops of blood itched. She grumbled as she took the offered small box of apple juice, they did have to replace all the blood they took from her somehow. Her body would have done so naturally but not nearly fast enough for them. She mused they were going to bleed her dry one of these days.

"Are we done yet?" Her voice displayed her grumpiness, having been woken up at seven in the morning and brought to the lab, she had no idea how long she had spent in the lab but she knew it had been far too long.

Albert Wesker turned at her tired voice and offered her a small calming smile, she was their trump card in this war on disease. They had to keep her happy, as happy as they could that was and with a few stride of his long legs he was standing before her, gazing down at her though his black shades. "Yes, would you like to go to your room or eat first?"

She placed the now empty juice box on the small table next to her and took his offered hand, letting him pull her up easily and stumbled a bit, they had taken a tad bit too much blood.

He frowned as he held her up, her body now acting anemic and with a sigh he leaned down to steady her. "Food it is then." She merely nodded and let him bear the brunt of her body weight as he lead her out of the small stark white lab towards the dining area.

That, the lab and her room were the only places she was allowed to venture and she always had to have an escort. Most of the time it was Wesker, the man was nice yet she knew there was something off about him. Yet she had given him the benefit of the doubt as she had everyone else she had met. At least he hadn't tried to kill her, yet.

He slowed his pace to a slower one, his longer legs making it hard for the small woman to keep up, his hand rested on her hip holding her to him and keeping her up right. He would have to make sure they gave her more time to rest in-between experiments. With a small smile, more of a smirk, he lead her to the dining room and sat her down at a table watching as she laid her head down on the smooth cold

surface of it.

To think such a small petite woman had bonded with the virus on a molecular level! He shook his head, glad they had been able to find her, maybe they could right the wrongs of their genetic experiment. He knew she had no idea they were the ones responsible for the flu like virus that had over run the world, it was a genetic war experiment gone wrong.

If she ever found out she would be furious and no doubt no longer corporate with them. Of course the experiments would continue she would just no longer have a choice in the matter. He hoped it never came to that, things were so much easier when she cooperated. With a small sigh he grabbed a tray of food and placed it before her, startling her a bit, and took a seat across from her. "Eat." A redundant order.

She merely sat up and stared to pick at the meal which had been placed before her, a sandwich an apple, chips, and a glass of water. She wanted to wolf it down like a hungry wolf yet merely picked at it like a bird, tearing apart small pieces of the sandwich and eating them. She took a drink of water before turning to the man who was watching her eat. "Any progress Wesker-san?"

He hummed shifting in his seat, she always asked this. "A bit, we're working on an antidote that will combat the current flu virus, it's called the T-virus." She nodded, hoping it would work. "That's good." He hummed again as he watched her bite into the red apple. Only time would tell if it worked, if not it was back to the drawing board.

6. Dance In The Vampire Bund: Mina & Akira

****Pairing: Kagome/Akira/Mina****

****Series: Dance In The Vampire Bund/InuYasha****

****Summary: Seven years apart had changed them all but some things would always stay the same. With them by her side she would change the world. They would do anything to make her dream come true. Anything in the name of the queen.****

* * *

><p>"They expect me to kill you." He tensed at the words that so causally fell from those pink plump lips. His finger nails sharpening into claws should he have to protect his queen.<p>

The reason he was even born was to protect her.

To serve and love her.

Mina merely smiled, her lips twisting into a sneer, her fangs glinting in the light. Not at all afraid of the young woman in front of her.

"You think you can kill me?" Her voice was soft not at all matching the cold look on her face.

The young woman gave a breath taking smile.

"No." She tensed her muscles making him do the same, his eyes not leaving her shapely form wrapped in red and white. The traditional clothes of a shrine miko.

One of the only humans able to kill their kind with a single touch.

How she had made it into the queen's chambers was beyond him. He knew his father would be livid!

Mina gave a chuckle her pale skin contrasting against the blood red robe she dawned. She had just finished bathing when her would be assassin made herself known.

Akira would have to be reprimanded on his lack of perception. She had been in her room the whole time they were bathing.

"I know I can." She launched herself forward and in the blink of an eye had the queen of all vampires in her grasp.

"But I could never kill my little queen!" She happily held an annoyed Mina in her grasps.

"You haven't changed at all Kagome." The way she said it made him relax, as he took them in. Kagome, the intruder, was cuddling Mina to her like a mother would her child.

"You're one to talk, you're still so cute! But what's this? Having a man in your room unattended?! For shame!" She laughed her laughter light and bell like as she set down Mina.

Mina huffed a light blush on her cheeks.

"He's my servant of course he would be here." She settled on the large king sized bed her movements regal like the title she held.

Kagome blinked as she settled on the bed behind Mina and began to lightly braid her light blond locks.

"Oh, so this strapping young man is Akira-kun..." The way she said his name was like she knew far more about him than he did her. It also held a sadness that ran deep.

"Mina who is this?" Mina rolled her eyes as she leaned into Kagome's fingers.

"This is Kagome, head Miko of all of Japan. Sent here to no doubt kill me. To bad those silly humans don't; know the truth." She chuckled ruefully.

Kagome sighed.

"Mina, be nice I was human once to you know." She smiled as Mina let out a small huff almost as if disliking the very idea.

"You've since become much more, so why are you here? Has he made his choice?" She let her eyes slide shut as Kagome played with her hair.

She already knew the answer but wanted to hear it.

"I'm here to fulfill my duty, I made a promise to your mother and you and I want to keep it." She paused her ministrations.

"They're planning to move against you soon but with me by your side they will lose a lot of followers. It will be rough but you will have my support and the support of most of the shrine maidens of Japan. I expect we will be run from our shrines once we make our stance clear. Onii-san will also stand by you. The other lords are still debating."

Mina sneered.

"You and your followers will be moved in before the end of the night. I will also send a vassal to your Onii-san." She paused to look out the window of her room.

"You will share my quarters with me." She gave Akira a pointed glare when he moved to protest.

He didn't even know this woman and she was moving her into her room?!

"Mina!" Mina snorted.

"I can't believe you don't remember Kagome, Akira shame on you. Maybe you have taken too many hits to the head!" She gave a light laugh as Kagome tugged lightly on her hair, an offense only she could get away with.

"Be nice Mina, I assume the seal has held up after all." Mina pouted but nodded forgetting about the seal that had been placed on almost everyone that knew Kagome.

She had to be forgotten until it was time for them to make their move.

It was considered necessary but she didn't have to like it.

In fact she hated the idea but it had to be done, her Kagome had a role to play as did she and Akira.

It was all for the greater good.

With a smile Kagome stood up and moved to stand before Akira and grinned at him.

"You really have grown Akira-kun. Mina is lucky to have your loyalty and love." His cheeks flushed a bit as she rocked on her heels and before he could blink her soft pink lips pressed into his and it felt like something in his mind broke.

Instantly he was flooded with memories and feelings.

He stumbled back and held a hand over his face as he tried to sort them out.

Mina pouted.

"Did you have to kiss him?" She sounded sour yet didn't move to do anything else.

Kagome sheepishly rubbed the back of her head.

"Sorry, consider it revenge for getting to be with him for so long. So, are you guys ready?" Her face lost its warm smile and became cold.

"We have a world to change." Mina grinned as she stood up and came to stand next to the two most important people of her immortal life.

"We will change this world for the better or die trying." Kagome smiled as she took Mina's hand and ran her thumb over her knuckles.

Akria grabbed her other hand and held it tightly not wanting to let go of it, for fear of losing her once again. It had been seven years since he seen Kagome, let alone even knew who she was.

Stupid seal—it was gone now and it was time. They were together once again and nothing would rip them apart.

Nothing.

"We'll make your wish come true." Mina nodded with her knight and her priestess by her side she would be unstoppable.

7. Hellboy II: Prince Nuada

****Male: Prince Nuada****

****Series: Hellboy II****

* * *

><p><p>

Kagome quickly made her way through the palace, her long blue dress rustling as she walked. She brought a small dainty hand up to her pale face to brush back a stray piece of long black hair. She nodded to the nearby guards as she paused outside the door that was her detestation. She lifted a pale hand up, it was a stark contrast to the dark cherry wood of the door, and knocked lightly. She knew she was a moth being lead towards the fire, yet here she was.

She lowered her hand and waited patiently for the one who had summoned, Prince Nuada, to bid her entrance into his chambers. She didn't have to wait long before the door to his room was opened. He glanced down at her, his six feet towering over her small five foot five inches. She bowed her head lightly, a sign of respect and submission to the elf like prince.

He nodded at her and stepped away from the door, lowering his hands to his side. "Ah, finally you have arrived, please do come in."

She nodded and entered the room pausing in the middle of it, she glanced around awed by the sheer size of it, it was the size of a

ball room if not a little smaller. The room was divided into two sections, the first was a sitting like room, with plush chairs and a table as well as a few bookshelf's. The second half was his more private chambers and was separated from the sitting area by a large golden mess curtain.

She turned to face him a small smile on her face and nodded at him as he shut the door behind them with a small thud. "You called for me my lord?"

He nodded and walked past her to one of the plush chairs in the room, pausing to offer her the seat across from him. "Please have a seat."

She nodded and walked over to the offered seat. She gracefully sat down, her blue dress rustling as she sat, it took her a minute to get situated.

He took this time to look her over, she was small, compared to him, and dainty, her skin was pale but not as pale as his. Her hair was as black as a ravens wing, a stark contrast to his own pale blond almost silver locks, and long, longer then his own which reached his waist. All in all she was small and dainty, she almost screamed 'protect me', yet he knew differently. She was his father's priestess, yes, she was older then him, but as a demon he had caught up to her, she was now twenty nine, while he was twenty five, in demon years. To be his father's priestess meant she had power, plus he had grown up watching her, learning from her.

He slowly called back his mind from its wandering and smiled at her lightly, well it was more of a slight upturn of the lips. His smile turned into a smirk when he noticed that her finger was twitching lightly, a nervous habit of hers. "The reason I called you here is to discuss the future—more specifically our future."

Kagome blushed, she knew she shouldn't have come, she should have known he wanted to talk about this, again. He always did, she knew he had liked her when he was younger, always falling her about, it had only gotten worse as he had aged. It wasn't long before he had caught up to her, to her it was in the blink of an eye, one day he was following her about, like a lost puppy then the next, he was a man. "My Lord—please—I do not wish to talk about this, not now. I have my duties to attend to."

He frowned lightly, she never wanted to talk about this, but he would not let her get away this time. "Yes, now. I am your prince and you will obey me. We are going to talk about this now." He smirked as she huffed lightly in anger, if there was one thing she hated, it was to be bossed around, even so he knew she would listen to him.

He smirked as she nodded, no doubt ranting and raving in her head. "Now, Kagome." He let her name roll off his tongue sensually, smirking as she flushed lightly, this time from embarrassment. "You know exactly what I wish to talk about. I have asked you time and time again to become mine, and each time you have avoided the question. This time you will not. Kagome, will you be mine? My lover, my mate."

She flushed and had to look away from him, she chewed on her lip as she looked down at her lap. Oh, how she wanted to say yes, but she

could not. She was his father's priestess, her life was devoted to him and him alone. "I can not be yours. My life is already sworn to your father, the King. You know that." The silence that surrounded them was anything but comfortable. She clasped her hands in her lap, to afraid to look up at him.

He glared at the space next to her, he knew she would say this, yet he had to ask her anyway. He had heard it, it was the final thing that steadied his resolve, he would rise up against his father. He would change the way things were, humans would no longer get away with ruining the world, and, he would become king, that way Kagome would become his miko, his lover, his mate. He sighed, he would have to retire for the night, he had a long day ahead of him. "I see, well then I must bid you good night. But know this, whatever happens in the next few days, it is for you and our future."

He looked away from her worried gaze and rose from his seat. He heard her rise from her seat as well, her dress shifting lightly. He glanced at her and offered her a small up turn of the lips. "Let me escort you to the door." He walked over to her and lightly placed his hand on the small of her back and guided her to the door, once there he opened it for her and removed his hand. He blinked as she turned to him her eyes swimming with many different emotions, the only ones he could pick out were, worry, uncertainty and love?

Kagome chewed on her lips as she looked up at her prince, she knew he was panning something, she would have to be daft to not. She didn't know what it was, but she hoped he would be safe. She let out a shaky breath and offered him a small smile. "My lord, please, be careful. Know that I will stand by your side, if lines are drawn." She quickly stood on her tippy toes and placed a small kiss on his cheek, before turning on her heel and walking towards her chamber, her face flushed.

8. How To Train Your Dragon: Hiccup

****Male: Hiccup****

****Series: How To Train Your Dragon (Movie)****

* * *

><p>Kagome sighed as she sat on a grassy hill; she blinked and looked up as a baby dragon flew around her. She smiled as he flittered about, basking in her attention. He was born not even five days ago, she being the village breeder was charged with taking care of him, a feat in itself for who would think Vikings would breed and raise dragons?<p>

She blinked as the little tyke huffed, small flames escaping his mouth. She frowned lightly, it wasn't his fault, he was just a baby, but she had to try and make him understand that flames were not okay, especially if they were in the village, which they weren't now, but still he had to learn.

Her frown turned into a smile as he, Shippo, plopped down next to her and curled up on her lap like a cat. She let her fingers run over his smooth scales and giggled as he purred. Shippo was a cute little one, one of the cutest and most affectionate dragons she had been put in

charge of raising. Unlike his grumpy dad, Koji and his crazy mother Sable.

Don't get her wrong she loved them that she did but, kami! They were quite the pair. If they weren't sniping at each other they were going at it. She blushed, she would have preferred to not know the mating rituals of dragons she was content with believing they laid an egg and that's was it.

She sighed as a breeze rustled through the clearing. Her untamed black wavy locks flew with the breeze, she closed her bright blue eyes and let out a content sigh. Shippo made a chirping noise and curled closer to her, he as a baby dragon did not like the cold even in the slightest. She pulled him closer, her black fur skirt, dark blue leggings and black boot shifted in the grass.

She eeked as he scampered into her black shirt. She wiggled around as he purposely glided across her skin.

"Shippo! No! Bad dragon!" Her words were laced with laughter so her words fell on deaf ears.

"Having problems there Kagome?" She blinked and looked up, a light blush on her face as she saw who was standing in front of her.

"H-HI, Hiccup, Shippo no!" She gasped as Shippo popped his head out of her shirt and smiled, as much as a dragon could, at Hiccup and Toothless, who was always trailing behind him.

Shippo having never seen an adult dragon, his parent had left after his egg was born, titled his head in surprise.

Toothless merely blinked at the little one hanging out of her shirt. He did not like this female, well he liked her more then the others in the village but he still didn't like her. She took away his riders attention and he did not like it.

Hiccup sighed as he eased himself to the gourd, his prosthetic leg creaking in protest then again he was used to it by now. It had been five years since he had lost his real leg; he was now eighteen and the leader of his village. His father retired a year ago, knowing that he was no match for teenagers with dragons.

He glanced at Kagome as she giggled; the small baby dragon had slipped out of her shirt and was now sitting on her head as he looked at Toothless like he was a god. He laughed lightly as Toothless stared back, blankly, like he was bored. He was no fool Toothless was jealous of Kagome, hell he was jealous of anyone that took his attention from him.

Yet, at the same time he was nicer, well more tolerable with Kagome, the sixteen year old dragon breeder who had come to their village from another neighboring one, then he was with the others. Then again, Kagome was different then everyone else. She embraced dragons, hell she embraced any living thing human, dragon, or other that came to her for friendship.

She was truly a rose in the desert, she was not rough and strong like the other women of his village, something she was teased about,

mainly by Astrid.

He frowned at the thought of her, he thought he she loved him—but she was only in love with his power. When Kagome had arrived she was accompanied by the chief of her lands, a man named Shin. Needless to say she dropped him, Hiccup, like a rock and followed Shin back to his own village.

He smirked, only once she had gotten there did she find out he was already married to a woman named Kagami, and came crawling back to him. To this day he was sore about what she had done but he was polite to her, Toothless—well he tried to accidentally kill her on more than one occasion. So she learned to keep her distance.

He blinked as Toothless plopped on the ground, sitting on his hind legs. He laughed as he realized why Toothless had so suddenly plopped to the ground. There on his head was Shippo, sitting on it like he was king of the mountain. He glanced at Kagome and realized she was trying to stifle her laughter. He grinned at her and she lost her battle.

Toothless huffed as he tried to look up at the young one sitting on his head, going crossed eye in the process, the laughter of his rider and his intended, he scoffed at the thought, reaching his ears making him huff. Humans.

He blinked as the young one slid down his back, jarring the one thing that made him able to fly with his rider. He quickly turned on the young one and growled out his displeasure. He blinked when Kagome immediately appeared in front of him and picked up the young one, cradling him to her chest, giving him a harsh stare.

Hiccup got up as fast as he could, which was hard seeing as his prosthetic foot tended to sink into the grass, and hobbled over to Kagome and Toothless. Hoping to defuse the situation. He did not want his best friend and his crush to be at each other's throats.

"Toothless calm down he's just a baby—" Toothless huffed but looked away, he knew that tone, it was the be good or you're sleeping in the living room tone. He turned on his heel and plopped on the ground, his back facing them, looking much like a sulking child.

Hiccup sighed and turned to Kagome only to find her scolding the baby dragon, it was quite cute.

Kagome sighed as she held Shippo by the back of his neck and scolded him. "Bad Shippo bad! You do not touch Toothless's tail bad! You better make things right—" Shippo whined in the back of his throat, giving her big watery eyes. "That's not going to work." Shippo sighed and hung his head letting out a small grumble.

Hiccup had to stifle his laughter; she honestly looked like a mother scolding her child. He glanced back at Toothless and smiled at him.

Toothless huffed and looked away from him a blush on his cheeks, he had been caught staring, he was supposed to be pouting or ignoring them.

He blinked as the young one flew over to him and dropped a fish on his head, where did he get it; he blinked as the fish slid off his head and landed on the floor with a thump. The young one looked at the fish and then at him. He sighed as the little one looked back and forth between the fish and him, in a way that only young ones could.

Kagome giggled as Shippo continued to look at the fish then at Toothless, it was after all his lunch but he had decided to give it to Toothless as a form of apology. Knowing he would be in the dog house so to speak if he didn't make things right. Even so he was just a hatchling, so he was indecisive and no doubt wanted to gobble the fish up.

Hiccup laughed lightly, remembering a similar situation between him and Toothless. He just hoped Toothless would get over it and accept the fish, otherwise he would be getting a stern talking to later. Shippo was but a hatchling, his parents had left before he was even hatched to join the great migration, as did all the adult dragons, therefore he had no interaction with adult dragons so far.

Toothless sighed and bent down to pick up the fish in his mouth, the young one let out an unintentional whimper as he sat back up the fish in his mouth. Now he felt bad, he sighed as he clamped down on the fish cutting it in half. He easily swallowed his part of the fish and watched with amused eyes as the young one gazed longingly at the other half of the fish. He rolled his eyes and bent down to shove the other half of the fish towards the young one.

Hiccup and Kagome laughed as Shippo quickly devoured the fish, as if he was starving, which he was not, and sat back on his hind legs, mimicking Toothless.

Toothless huffed and looked away from the young one, the young one copied him. He rolled his eyes, the young one copied him. He huffed again and laid back down on the ground intent on taking a small dragon nap. The young one laid down next to him and curled against him. He sighed but got comfy, wrapping himself around the young one, it was a bit chilly today. He ignored Kagome, he kind of liked the way her name sounded, as she awwed. Feh, humans' human females, he would never understand them.

Hiccup smiled, proud of Toothless as he eased himself back to the ground and leaned on Toothless mentioning for Kagome to join him. She blinked' now nervous, it wasn't that she disliked Toothless' it was just' Toothless was well known for his distaste when it came to village women, and well she was a woman and lived in the village'.

"He won't bite I promise." She sighed and smiled, deciding to throw caution to the wind. She sat down and slowly leaned back against Toothless, testing the waters so to speak. She glanced up at Toothless and gulped, he was watching her with glazed eyes' she blinked when he leaned up and patted the top of her head with his chin and then laid back down.

Kagome smiled and leaned back against him, giggling as he purred in contentment. She absent mindedly pulled Shippo into her arms and leaned on Hiccup, truly enjoying herself. She closed her eyes and started to doze off.

Hiccup blushed and wrapped an arm around Kagome, pulling her closer, and leaned back against Toothless, who purred happily in his sleep. This was nice; he was hanging out with his best friend and his crush. Things were good; he let out a happy sigh and looked up at the sky. He could get used to this.

9. I am Number Four: John Smith

****Male: John Smith****

****Series: I am Number Four (Movie)****

* * *

><p>Kagome fiddled with a piece of raven black hair, moving it to and from behind her ear as she stood in the large hallways of her new school. Her other pale slim hand was clenched around the strap of her black shoulder backpack, gripping it so tight it turned white.<p>

She glanced around the various moving bodies of her fellow students and bit her lip; she wanted to call out to them, to ask someone for help. Every time she had tried she had been brushed off before she could even get a full sentence out. She shuffled her black converse on the hallway and shook her head, causing her long locks to shift.

She bet she looked ridiculous and was glad that Inu Yasha wasn't around to see her act so skittish over such a trivial thing. To think she was scared out of her wits because she had moved to the states with her father and was nervous about her first day at a new school.

She had stared down bandits, thieves, demons and more in the past yet here she was petrified at the thought of being alone in a new school. A small smile broke across her face and with a renewed confidence she made her way towards what she thought was the main office.

She blinked as she bumped into the broad back of someone and stumbled a few steps backwards. She glanced at the tan jacket of the person she had run into, "I'm so sorry!" She bowed, her Japanese nature taking over, and blinked when she heard a light male chuckle.

She glanced up and was met with lightly tanned skin, dark brown eyes, dirty blonde hair, a chiseled chin, and a boyish smile. She blushed as he winked at her, catching her staring.

"No problem, it was my fault for loitering in the doorway." He stepped aside and let her enter the office. His eyes followed her as she made her way to the desk and began talking to the secretary.

She was short, no doubt Asian, yet fit. Her long shapely legs and finely toned behind were wrapped in dark blue jeans. She wore a light black jacket over a plain white shirt and over her shoulders was a black side backpack. He blinked as the secretary gave him a knowing smirk and stepped up next to the young woman and gave her a smile. "Yo, today's my first day. Name's John Smith."

Kagome couldn't help but to giggle at his name, the Disney movie

Pocahontas coming to mind, she shifted lightly as she dug in her back pack and pulled out a few papers handing them to the kindly sectary. "I'm also new; my name is Kagome, Kagome Higurashi."

The elderly woman took the papers from the nice young lady and turned to the young boy waiting for him to do the same. She smiled as he gave her as sheepish smiled and began pulling things out of his back pack.

He grumbled under is breath as he shifted around in his bag cursing his guardian for not having left them on the table, he really hoped he hadn't forgotten them at home. With a blush he looked up at the expectant woman. "I think I left them at homeâ€|" He trailed off feeling silly.

She nodded, understanding that transferring schools in the middle of the year had to be hard. "Don't worry about it I'll call your guardian after I take Ms. Higurashi's papers to the principal. Please have a seat." With that she left the office, entering a smaller one attached to the main one, leaving the two teens alone.

Kagome sighed as she took as seat in one of the chairs shifting lightly as the young man sat down next to her. She shot him a small smile. "So, your first day to?" She wanted to smack herself for the lame line. It was obviously his first day!

He nodded, "Yup, transferring form Cali, you?" He glanced at her as she shifted a piece of silken hair behind her ear.

"From Japan, I just recently moved in with my dad." She blushed as he gave a low whistle.

"That's a long move. Mind me asking why?" He wanted to punch himself, he had just done a major no, no by asking her that she had the right to ask him the same question. His guardian would beat him if he found out yet at the moment he didn't really care. He just really wanted to get to know the young woman sitting next to him.

Kagome paused for a second trying to think of a plausible reason, not trusting him enough to tell him the true reason, she doubted she would ever trust anyone enough to tell them of her journeys in the past. "I, well my mom thought it would be best for me, the Shrine held to many memoires for meâ€|she thought it would be best if I got away for a little bit, to let old wounds heal you know?"

He nodded, yet something nagged at him. "Ex boyfriend?"

Kagome blinked at that, she mused Inu Yasha could have been considered an ex boyfriend though they hadn't officially been an item before she had been thrust back into her own time. "I guess you could call him thatâ€|" She trialed off a feeling of sadness washing over her.

She blinked when a warm slightly calloused hand reached out and grabbed her own. She turned surprised eyes and blushing cheeks to glance at the young man beside her. "J-John?"

He gave her hand a small squeeze and gave her a small smile, needing to make her sadness go away though he didn't know why. "Don't worry about it, we can make some new memories starting now." He felt so

corny.

She smiled and gave his hand a small squeeze, something about her hand in his felt right even more so then the rare times Inu Yasha would hold her hand, "Okay, John."

Both teens started to chat about anything and everything, lost in their own little world. So caught up in their chatting they didn't notice the new comer to the office. He gave the two teens a knowing look before making his way into the principal's office, his wards paper work in his hands.

He felt slightly bad for the two, for the path laid out before them would be a hard one but he knew that they would be okay, after all Loric's loved for life.

10. Buffy The Vampire Slayer: Spike

****Male: Spike****

****Series: Buffy The Vampire Slayer****

* * *

><p>Kagome groaned as she sat up, oh God, what ran her over?<p>

She blinked as her hazy eye sight slowly started to improve. The first thing she noticed was she was in a cavern like room, the second was the rather large fluffy bed she was on, and the third was that the red satin sheets that felt really good on her naked skin...

Wait...naked...skin? She eeped as she pulled her knees to her chest in an attempt to cover herself, she also pulled the red sheets closer her to her body. Oh Kami...what happened?

She blinked as she heard an amused chuckle and her eyes immediately zeroed in on the direction it came from. She glared as a form started to take shape, seemingly melting from the shadows. "Who are you and why am I here?"

The person, still cloaked in the shadows, smirked showing off pointy fangs. Demon, her mind whispered to her. "Ah...why such a hateful scowl? You were more than willing to do much more pleasurable things with your mouth last night."

She blushed, just great not only had she had a one night stand with a demon, but a cocky one at that. She was startled out of her thoughts as the man finally stepped out of the shadows, revealing a tall, well compared to her five foot one frame, pale man. He had platinum blond hair and oh kami. She blushed he was wearing nothing but a pair of black leather pants.

He smirked at her as he sat down on the bed, frowning a bit when she scooted away from him, but he pushed it down. "Like what you see?"

She huffed at the cocky tone in his voice, she would find out where she was and then she would leave. Her host family was no doubt

freaking out.

Yes host, after the whole jewel incident she was finally able to focus on her rather dim looking academic life. It was only because of her efforts that she was chosen to represent her school in America, not because of her smarts.

Either way she needed to get gone and fast, she was no fool she woke up naked in a man's bed. "Who are you and where am I?"

He smirked at her and laid back on the bed, using his arms as a pillow. "After all the screaming of my name last night I would have hoped that you remembered it, how sad."

She glared at him, getting tired of his games fast. "Listen here demon-"

She gasped as he snarled and in the blink of an eye had her pinned to his bed, his hand wrapped around her neck. "Don't call me that!"

She stilled, years of interacting with demons kicking into action, and merely looked up at him, not showing any fear. "Then what are you?"

He sighed as he pulled away from her and laid back down on the bed, a sad smile on his face. "Damned."

She blinked, why would a demon think himself damned? Most thought they were better than thou. Even so she was sitting naked in a strange demon's bed. She sighed as she glanced around for her clothes.

"Your clothes on the chair over there." He didn't even move as she hesitantly crawled over him to grab her clothes and got dressed.

She quickly started dressing, intent on getting the hell out of dodge when his sad aura reached out to hers and made her stop. Instantly her own aura rose to the surface but she fought it down.

Why did her aura want to reach out and comfort his? Never in all her years of time traveling had it done so for anyone, not even Inu Yasha, the boy she was destined to be with, even though it hadn't panned out so well.

She stared at the lonely man, for that was what he was, who thought himself damned and couldn't help but want to reach out to him, on some level.

Spike glared at the ceiling of course she would want to leave as fast as she could, what they had was after all nothing more than a one night stand. But still, there was something about the raven haired beauty that called out to him, demanded that he snatch her up and keep her away from the rest of the world.

It was a very strange and even more powerful urge and it irked him, never and he meant never had he felt such a deep attraction for someone not even with Buffy, the woman he gave his heart and soul to, only to have it shattered again and again.

So he did what he was good at, got her drunk and brought her home,

the sex was an unexpected, but very welcomed bonus. He had merely planned to drag her back to his lair, as corny as that sounded, and demand she tell him why he was so drawn to her.

He blinked as he felt the weight shift on his bed and glanced to the reason. He blinked she was still there, why?

She smiled awkwardly, because honestly it was awkward. She had sex with this man not even twenty-four hours ago and she didn't even know, well technically remember, his name. Even so she decided to break the ice with an age old question. "May I have the name of the man who thinks himself damned?"

Okay so she changed it a bit but still. She blinked when he sat up and looked at her, as if trying to figure out what made her tick.

Hopefully if he found out he would let her know, because honestly what normal girl stayed to talk with her one night stand, especially one that wasn't human?

He blinked as he studied her, she looked as breath taking as she did last night. Her raven hair fell down to her mid back in waves making her pale skin stand out and her deep blue eyes pop. She was breath taking, delicious looking yet he did not have the urge to drink her blood.

Which was another thing that confused him, even when he was in love with Buffy he often had to force himself not to drink her blood. Why was this young woman any different?

Kagome fiddled with the red satin sheets of the bed, maybe he didn't want to talk? Had she made a mistake by not walking out his door the second she had the chance? She jumped lightly when he spoke, his voice a smooth tenor that sent delicious shivers down her spine.

"Spike, my name is Spike and I am damnedâ€¦.so you best leave before I drag you down with me." She blinked he was worried about dragging her, the broken miko, down with him?

The irony, she was as damned as he thought he was, she shattered the jewel, she was the sole reason for the deaths of thousands of innocent people. She couldn't have stopped the bitter laugh if she wanted to.

She was sick of people amusing that because she looked innocent and sweet that she was. She was not innocent, she had seen and done many horrid things in the past and as a punishment she was cursed by the gods to age slower than a normal human, yet not like a demon.

Most would find that to a blessing, most but her. She would have to watch as those she held dear died around her one by one and she would have to wait a life time and then some to be reunited with them in the afterlife. "I am already damned, cursed by the gods to die a long agonizing death. Why is it you think you are damned?"

He blinked in confusion, cursed by fate to die a long agonizing death? What was that about? She was human, that much he could tell, butâ€¦.there was something off about her and besides he being a

vampire had no reason to dispute her claim. "I, my dear will never meet death, well unless I'm staked through the heartâ€|or try and catch some sunâ€|" He smirked as she blinked, and he briefly wondered if she was smart enough to put two and two together.

She blinked, staked thought the heart? Catch some sun? It hit her like a ton of bricks. "Vampire."

He smirked, his eyes full of sadness. "Yes, now scream and run away like all the others." He looked away from her, already sure she would leave him like very one else had.

Kagome frowned, when he looked away from her, did he really think so little of her? Yes, they had nothing more between them then a night full of passion, but deep down she knew they had much more in common than they could even fathom and she for one was not going to walk away from it, from him. She didn't know who he had kept company with before but they must not have been very good company.

If she walked away now she would be cutting all ties with what had once made her life worth living; the sense of adventure and lure that gave her life, which was longer than normal, meaning.

She leaned over towards him and smiled devilishly, a smile that seemed both out of place and right on her sweet face at the same time. "Well, since we're both damnedâ€|what do you say we be damned together?"

He smirked, his eyes lighting with a life that he hadn't had in so many years and smiled. "I think you have yourself a companion."

Both of them smiled, neither of them knew what they had between them nor how long it would last but it was there. A deep sense of connection, a primal need to be with the other and they would hold onto that feeling for as long as they could.

11. Danny Phantom: Dan Phantom

****Male: Dan Phantom****

****Series: Danny Phantom****

****Slight AU****

*** * ***

><p>Kagome sighed in a bored lethargic manner as she gazed blankly at her reflection and methodically ran a brush through her untamed wavy hair. She frowned lightly when she realized that her bangs now fell to rest to above her chin and the locks that once rested above her mid back now reached her lower back, she desperately needed a hair cut but knew she would not get one. One, he would never lower himself to do so himself, two he would never give her anything sharp and pointy not after last time, and three there was hardly anyone left anymore alive or other.<p>

She shivered lightly as she felt him enter her room unseen to human eyes yet she knew he was there. The power repressing manacles that rested on her wrists did block her access to her miko powers but she

could still sense him. Just because her powers were blocked did not mean they were gone. With that thought in mind she knew he would drain her again relatively soon, as he always did when her powers built up to such a level, which regretfully was becoming a common occurrence. Her hand faulted mid brush at that thought. The draining process was long and painful, she hated it but he did not care. It boosted his already immense power and it was what allowed him to break the barrier all those years ago.

It was her fault that the world was in the state it was now, that so many had fallen. More importantly it was her late and erased from existence father's fault. Vlad, her supposedly dead father, had contacted her when her journey in the past had ended and offered to take her off her mother's hands. She had agreed, angry and hurt that for the majority of her life her mother had lied to her and told her the man was dead, she looked back now and silently apologized to her mother. She knew what kind of man her father was and only did what she had thought was best, if only she had listened to her.

But she hadn't, she had gone back with him to his home town and although feeling out of place, had done her best to fit in. It was hard being the only half American half Japanese seventeen year old in the town yet she made a few friends. She had been introduced to Danny Phantom and his family through her dad and through Danny she had met Sam and Tucker. Back then things had been fine, fun even. Yet her father quickly learned of her powers and started to experiment on her, trying to find a way to harness them. She humored him at first, thinking it was cute that he wanted to 'help' her but she could sense his ill intentions and put a stop to the painful experiments.

Danny was less than forgiving; he had quite literally kicked her dad's ass into the afterlife and went after him to continue doing so. Oh yes, she knew he was half ghost she may not have been fully trained in her powers but she would have to have been daft not to realize. It was quite funny to watch him try and weasel his way out of the conversation of 'so, why do you feel half dead?'. She smiled at that thought, he was so sweet back then but now, he was a shell of who he used to be and she knew that to was her fault.

The day he took revenge on her father for the experiments he did on her something changed. When he came back from the ghost realm he was different, if only she had seen the signs then. Her father had done something to him in there, what he did she did not know and would never know but it was the beginning of the end. The changes happened slowly at first. A small change in attitude, a use of a different tone, a scowl here and there, nothing big but she noticed it. Yet at the same time things seemed normal, as normal as they got in their town, until one day seemingly out of the blue he did a one eighty.

He was no longer nice, shy, awkward Danny Phantom. He became the power hungry, cruel, and sadistic Dan Phantom. It was literally like he flipped a switch and the way it happened hurt her to her core. He had, after a year and a half of awkward dating, finally asked her to be his, she had smiled thinking he meant going steady instead of the off again on again relationship they had, tossing her dad into the ghost realm on a weekend basis was a bit of a strain, and had agreed. He then gave her a pair of silver bracelets, a token of his affections or so she thought, as soon as she put them on she knew what they were. They were power blockers that as insinuated blocked her from

her using her powers.

She would always remember the way his face warped from its normal cute embarrassed smile to a sadistic leer. He was not her Danny anymore but Dan Phantom, the man/ghost who wanted to rule both realms. After the manacles were on her wrists he locked her away in a room, 'to let her calm down' because he couldn't understand her feelings of anger and betrayal, to him he had asked her to rule beside him, to be his, and he could not fathom her anger.

She had been locked away for three months before he came back to see her, other than phasing food into her room, and she was shocked by what he had done. He had wiped out half the town and even worse he had decided to continue her father's work. He wanted to drain her of her built up powers and use them to do horrid immoral things.

She fought back as best she could but he over powered her and took what he needed from her and locked her up again. She had been devastated after that, the man that she loved was gone and replaced by this thing. Said thing only saw her as an object, one to be used and then tossed to the side until she was ready to be used again.

She pulled herself from her thoughts as he stood behind her and gazed at her reflection. "I know you're there, you don't have to hide yourself." Her voice was cold and distant with hints of indignation. She didn't even flinch as he gained solid mass behind her.

He frowned at her. "I was not hiding, and you would do best to mind your tone." He rested his hands on her slim shoulders and gave them a small squeeze. "You can be my guest or you can be my prisoner, either way you are mine and you need to show me the proper respect."

She scoffed in her mind yet did nothing on the outside, he was famous for his anger tantrums. She had never been the on the receiving end but she had heard stories, one's that made her cringe. None the less she wondered why he was here. He had drained her not even a week and a half ago and should still have a surplus of her power left no matter who or what he used it on. "Why the visit? You should still have enough of my power to last you the rest of the month." It was a statement not a question.

He smirked lightly as he gazed at her reflection with him behind her, she didn't meet his eyes, she hadn't in a very long time but it was only proper. She was his equal in some senses but she was still below him because he held the keys to her power and her life. "Can I not visit you without an ulterior motive?" They both knew the answer to that question. Yet she was the only one to voice it. "No, you always have an ulterior motive." He laughed lightly and removed his hands from her shoulders to cross them behind his back reminding her of her father.

"While that may be true I assure you this time I have none. I am weary of the battle outside and merely wish to relax for a few hours before I continue. You should be happy to know that Sam is leading this little revolt. None the less I do not wish to talk about it. I am here to forget the outside world." As if to prove his point he draped himself across her bed and gazed up at the ceiling letting his guard down a bit but not fully.

She bristled at the mention of their old friend Sam and the nonchalance in his voice when mentioning her, as if he forgot that once upon a time they were best friends. Her shoulder slumped lightly at that thought, was Danny Phantom truly gone? Erased by Dan Phantom and nothing but a memory? Her whole body sagged at that thought.

Dan Phantom glanced at her forlorn form and felt something inside him twinge with pain, he brushed it off but it irked him. "Kagome, come lay with me." They both knew it was an order, not a request but neither said anything, there was nothing to be said.

Kagome slowly got up knowing that if she didn't she wouldn't see him for a few weeks. As much as she hated what he had become he was the only thing that kept her sane while locked up in the small windowless room that had become her prison. So with reluctant steps she approached her bed and laid down next to him as far away from him as she could without falling off the bed.

Dan Phantom frowned as he took in how tense she was, he knew he made her apprehensive at times but for her to be a wound up as she was now, it irked him to no end. Didn't she realize that he would never intentionally hurt her? Yes, he knew the draining process hurt her but it had to be done in order for him to shape the world to his vision. Once that was done and he deemed the world worthy he would free her and show it to her. Until then he had to keep her locked up, she was too fragile to see the world in the state it was now.

Yet, she had to know that he did not like the pain she had to go through. That it tore at his insides but it was for the greater good, it had to be done. If he truly wanted to hurt her he would have done so long ago but he hadn't. He still cared for her, she was the one constant thing that he had kept when he shed his alias as weak useless Danny Phantom and became who he was today. He was no longer that awkward, useless, and bumbling fool he had once been. No, he was stronger, better, and more mature and he had Vlad to thank for that.

Vlad had shown him the errors in his ways and in a sense had been reborn in him. On that day so long ago he had begun to understand why Vlad did what he did. He would be forever thankful for that hence why he had taken up his cause after he himself had rid the world of him. Vlad had become soft in his old age and that softness became weakness and that weakness made him obsolete. Vlad had paved the way for the man he was today and was one of the founders of the world he was trying to create.

None of that mattered in this room though, when he was here he wanted to relax and get away from the trails of making a new world. He wanted to be reminded why he was doing what he was. For said reason to shrink away from him like he was a monster? It irked him, it made him mad and it hurt him. He knew she would never understand, but he was okay with that. What he wasn't okay with was her resentment and total lack of trust. "You have no reason to fear me."

Kagome was hard pressed to bite back the snort that she so desperately wanted to release but opted instead to voice her digressions. "So you say but you have given me many reasons to." It was true he had, he was not her Danny any more but this man that was hell bent of destroying everything he came in contact with, herself included.

He sighed as he turned his head to look at her and was irked once again by the fact that she refused to meet his eyes. "Look at me Kagome." She refused. He frowned as he moved his hands from behind his head and turned so he was on his side facing her resting his head in the palm of one of his hands while he used the other one to make her look up at him.

She flinched as she felt his cold hand on her cheek and tried her best not to meet his eyes. For she knew if she did she would become undone because no matter how much he had changed on the outside and inside his eyes still remained the same. Yes, they were a bit more hardened but they were still the glowing jade she remembered and loved. She should not have thought of those soft jade green eyes because before she knew it she was gazing into them. Her heart ached as he gazed back at her with those familiar eyes yet the hardness in them was out of place.

He saw the many emotions that filtered through her eyes, sadness, regret, fear, and longing. People always said the eyes are the window to your soul, and with her it was true. Her cerulean blue eyes told him everything while his glowing jade ones told nothing. He had long ago mastered the art of hiding his feelings and thoughts. It gave him the advantage on the battle field but here in her room it gave him a disadvantage because there was so much he wanted to tell her, wanted her to see. Yet he could not, years of building up a façade had been his undoing and he knew that. He sighed and looked away from her returning to his position on his back and gazed up at the ceiling.

Kagome blinked back tears as she saw a few emotions flash through his eyes as he turned away from her to look up at the ceiling once more. Regret, sadness, and love. He still loved her after everything that had been done and said he still loved her and it made her heart ache because deep down she still loved him. She hated looking into his eyes which was why she never did it because it brought back so many feelings and memories and it gave her hope that deep down there was still a part of her Danny Phantom lurking in the darkness waiting to be uncovered. With shaky hands she moved so she was laying against his side and laid her head on his chest as she lost herself in memories.

No words were uttered as they laid there each lost in their own thoughts. Hopes, fears, and other emotions running through their heads as they laid there. Minds jumping around from topic to topic, thought to thought and emotion to emotion. The only things their thoughts and emotions had in common were the feelings of regret, love and fear. Regret for actions done and words said, love for the other no matter how warped and disorientated it was still there and fear of what the future held.

* * *

><p>AN: I am taking requests for this, though I won't get to them until everything is re-posted and up to date like the one on A03.**

Kage Update LIST:

Endless Possibilities

****Crackalicious****

****More Than Meets the Eye****

****(Free Type!)- Any requests? This is my one slot to update whatever I chose~!****

****Once again this list was made by Yuki, so if there's something you want updated and you don't see it on here feel free to PM her.
X3****

12. The Howling Reborn: Will Kidman

****Male: Will Kidman****

****Series: The Howling Reborn (Movie)****

*** * ***

><p>Kagome shifted as she sat in her seat, her feet were curled under her, as she watched the news. Ever since that night, the night where were wolves and in turn the rest of the supernatural world was outed, humans had been raging war on their kind.

They lost of course, they were just human, and now treaties and such were in the talks. The press, which had just recently been reinstated, had been covering the talks. As usual there were the hard core protestors of every species who thought that humans were below them, and those humans that anything not human was evil and so on.

She herself just wanted to stay out of it, she wanted things to go back to the way they were in feudal Japan, humans knew there were things that went bump in the night and just dealt with him. Those that went bump in the minded their own business and everyone just co existed.

She sighed as she shut off the tv and nearly screamed when she saw the reflection of a young man lurking behind her. With a huff she rolled over so she was kneeling on the couch her head resting on the back of it and looked at the male that had snuck up on her.

He was well built, as were most of his kind, and shirtless exposing his well defined abs and chest. On his narrow hips rested a pair of plain black slacks. His dark hair was unruly and untamed, and his ice blue eyes were trained on her.

"You really need to stop your lurkingë" She rolled her eyes as he gave her a grin and flopped on the sofa making her bounce before she let herself be pulled into his arms.

"You should have noticed me what if I was a bad guy." He laughed as she nuzzled into his chest, yet his words were serious. Ever since that night, known to him and a few others as graduation night, he and his ex Eliana had been on the shit list of almost everyone and thing that was remotely super natural, as well as the humans who hated anything non human.

Eliana had sadly left him behind, his fears proven true, she had gotten tired of him and had slowly but surely started to think the same way his mother had after seeing the wars that sparked from that night. It had saddened him, he truly loved her but he would not be one of them, nor would he be with someone who was. Last he heard from her she was the leader of an anti human pack.

He had moved on, as best as he could, now known as 'the snitch' to the super natural community and 'the savoir' to the human one. He was stuck in an odd place, which was where he had met the woman currently resting in his arms.

She was a miko, a shrine priestess, and had been thrown into the debates and what not since she was a real miko, not one of the many fake ones that littered Japan. Many went to her, expecting her to kill anything that wasn't human. She had refused and merely sated she wanted no part of it. She took no sides and wanted to be left alone.

She had left Japan and settled in, in a small town in the middle of no where. Yet people still trialed after her, they always would.

Which got her in the news, before it was taken out by radicals and protesters, and labeled a blood traitor.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He blinked out of his thoughts and offered his small female a smile. "Nothing. Just thinking."

She sighed and wrapped her arms around his neck; she knew he carried a lot of guilt and regret around with him. It was only natural, she herself was still plagued by her adventures in the past and the choices she had made. In time he would learn to not only live with his choices but move past them, to an extent, like she had. Yet it irked her to see him so down, she hated when he was in a mood. "I love you."

He smiled and held her closer to him, "Love you to."

13. Men In Black Three: Jay

****Male: Jay****

****Series: Men In Black Three (Movie)****

* * *

><p>AU (No I have NOT seen the movie but this came to me anyways after seeing the previews XD)

* * *

><p>Jay blinked as he stared at the small Asian woman in the chair. She stood out for more then one reason, besides being Asian and hot, she was not dressed like an agent nor did she look like an alien.<p>

Then again, he knew that could be easily managed. So instead of assume anything he looked to his superior. "You rang?" He grinned as

his superior rolled his eyes and mentioned towards the young woman. "This is Ms. Higurashi she will help you with your new mission." He blinked as the young woman smiled at him in a welcoming way. "Hello." Her voice was low and held a bit of an accent. He turned back to his superior. "She human?" Not like he cared but he would like to know, just in case.

Nothing like surprises in the field...a head popping off, tentacles coming out of nowhere...

"Yup, well human-ish...in a way." He blinked at the way she chewed her lip mumbling to herself as if unsure what to call herself. "Say what?"

She blinked bright blue eyes, a light blush on her face as she shifted in her seat. "I'm human...just not normal?" She turned to his superior as if asking for help.

"Look, you can talk it out later we have to save the world. Just know she'll be a great asset okay? Now get." He frowned at the shooing motions, but nodded. "Sure, sure. Well let's go..." He trailed off not even knowing what to call her. She smiled as she stood up. "Kagome, Kagome Higurashi."

He nodded at her, wondering how in the hell to correctly pronounce her name, and lead her out of the room. He was silent as he led her through the stark white control room. A small smirk on his face as she gawked at the aliens around them. "Try not to stare _to_ hard."

She blushed as she sped up to keep up with his long strides. "I'm sorry I've never seen aliens before." He nodded. "Then we're doing our job right." With a small wink he pressed the up button for the elevator and leaned against the wall next to it. Watching as she mimicked him.

She was an odd site to behold in the head quarters, looking no older then twenty five, then again Asians aged differently than others. She could be like thirty or even just fifteen. He shifted as he discreetly took her in, used to doing so to anyone he came across.

She was short merely five foot three at most, she looked even shorter as she slumped lightly against the wall leaning on her arms which were crossed behind her as she looked around some more. Her skin was lightly tanned yet still pretty pale making her black hair stand out as it is tumbled down to her lower back.

Her bright blue eyes were filled with awe and excitement and he wondered how she ended up here? He himself had to pass a hard as hell test; he was part of the NYPD before that which was what got him scouted in the first place, that and running into an alien, so how had she gotten here? She wasn't even in the mandatory black suit, instead she was in a pair of faded blue jeans, a light yellow t-shirt which was over a white cammi and a pair old plain black sneakers. Not men in black material.

He blinked out of his thoughts as the elevator dinged and pushed off the wall and nodded at her as she got in and once again leaned against the wall. "Soâ€¦" He blinked as she shot him smile, leaving

her sentence open for him to take over.

He offered her a grin as he pushed the top button. "No offense but how did you get here?" She blinked her eyes swelling with something, nothing bad just _something_.

"Well it's a very long story soâ€|hmmâ€|well I got to New York about a year ago, leaving my home in Japan to be with my father." She paused to tap her chin no doubt trying to figure out what to tell him so that he wouldn't get confused or lost.

"I went to college for a bit, ended up dropping out in order to take of my dad and the house. About a month ago my dad got in some trouble and went missing. I tried to look for him and it seems he ended up, well just disappearingâ€|_poof_!" She made small hand motions that made him smile despite the subject they were talking about.

"I see, I'm sorryâ€|but how'd you end up _here_? We're not even supposed to exist." He blinked as she smirked a bit and held up a pocket watch.

"My dad gave this to me, told me to open it if something like this ever happened." She opened the pocket watch and a small piece of paper sat there folded up. He felt a sinking feeling lodge itself in his stomach.

"What's your dad's name?" He shifted a bit as she smiled up at him, snapping the pocket watch shut. "Kay." He let his head lull back and hit the wall of the elevator or with a sigh. She merely giggled lightly as she rocked on her feet a bit.

Instead of freaking out like he wanted to he merely let his head lull to his right to look at her, finding she had done the same. "You said you were human-_ish_?" What had Kay gotten him into now?

She smiled. "Yup, I'm a miko." He blinked not knowing what it meant, making her blush. "Um, a priestess, I can heal, make barriers, purify demons, break curses stuff like that." He merely nodded used to odd stuff.

"I see, soâ€|any leads?" He didn't want to show it but he was worried Kay was like an elderly ornery father figure in some sorts. He blinked as she pushed off the wall and turned to face him.

"Time travel." He gapped at her as she exited the evaluator, it having stopped and opened mere seconds before. He shuffled after her. "What do you mean time travel?!" She merely frowned lightly. "I felt a shift in the stream a few days before my dad went missingâ€|so I think whoever or whatever made him disappear might have traveled back in timeâ€|" She paused as he opened the door to a sleek black car and let her get in.

She shifted a bit in the leather seat trying to put her thoughts in order. She put on her seat belt and turned to face him as he got in the car and did the same.

"Soâ€|um if that's true how are we going to go back in time?" He knew by the way she smiled at him that she was expecting him to either not believe her or think she was crazy. He noted Kay must not have told her about his job, until now, they were used to odd and strange

things.

"Have you ever been to Japan?"

14. Repo The Genetic Opera: GraveRobber

****Male: GraveRobber****

****Series: Repo The Genetic Opera****

* * *

><p>Dark blue eyes gazed about the run down room, it was tiny and falling apart but it was home. A pert nose wrinkled as a foul odor made its way to her. She turned her gaze towards the door to the small room that housed one bed a small table and a few other little run down things.<p>

"Welcome home." Her voice was low as she watched the man enter the small room. He was tall, far taller than herself and lanky. Thin to the point of it be unhealthy. His face was pale and a bit clammy, his eyes were sunken in but glowed with glee. The dark bags under them only made them stand out more.

He was no doubt on the very drug he petted.

His long hair was pulled back out of his face and fell down to his upper back. It was tangled and unwashed yet she knew for a fact that when it was washed it was glorious. It rivaled her own raven locks which fell in a tangled mess to rest above her waist.

She gave him a small smile as he shoved the door shut behind him, it was missing a hinge or two. With a low groan she stood up, her black dress fluttering around her. Its ends were fraying but it still fit and she saw no reason to get a new one. If he could wear the same clothes for years so could she. It fluttered around her small dainty bare feet as she approached him.

His broad shoulders were hunched over, he no doubt had a bad night. Grave robbing was hard and it was only because of Rotti Largo, the name left a sour taste in her mouth, that he didn't have to worry about the GENCops.

Yet, as usual when the man was involved nothing was free.

GraveRobber was now his tool, to be used and tossed away when he broke. Like the many before him and the many that would follow.

"Hard night?" He nodded his head as he bent his knees lightly to receive the kiss she offered him, as per usual. Her lips were slightly chapped, like his own, but were soft and he ravished them before pulling back to give her an impish grin.

"No better or worse than yesterday. That fucking Amber offered to pay with 'other' sources of payment, bitch ran out of money." He gave a chuckle as she pouted and glared at him.

"You better not haveâ€|" She yanked his coat from his larger form and hung it on an exposed nail. She glared at him as laughed even more and pulled her into his arms, the scent of death clung to him. She huffed at him as he nuzzled her neck, laying a kiss to her pulse point.

"Never my dear, I only have one heart and it belongs to youâ€|though I could always get a replacementâ€|" He laughed yet grunted as she elbowed him in the ribs. "I kid, I kid." She let out an annoyed sigh but nodded.

"You better beâ€|" She fought back a smile as his hands roamed her flat stomach as his lips and nipped at her neck. He was such a devious man. Always trying to get a rise out of everyone he came across. She was used to it but whenever he mentioned Amber it got under her skin. He also used his devious wits and sweet words to get others hooked on the drug he peddled.

Zydrate.

The name alone made her skin crawl. She hated the drug.

He knew that and never pushed it on her, let alone used it around her. He respected her and loved her the way she was. Not once in her twenty five years had she touched the drug or had a surgery that was not needed to keep her alive.

The same could be said for his twenty eight years, minus the drug taking, he like millions of others were far too poor to spend money on body parts they didn't need. Working for the old man he had been offered many a new organ yet he turned them all down.

Nothing was ever free.

He was still working to pay off the one surgery she had needed two years ago. Her heart had been so weak, about to give out when Rotti had shown up offer her a heart on a platter. In exchange he needed her dear husband to become the GraveRobber, by then he had already started peddling Zydrate to keep a roof over their heads, and he had accepted it.

Without a second of hesitation.

"Don't tell me we have to get you a new brain to?" She blinked out of her thoughts with a roll of her eyes. She turned in his arms to face him and shut him up with a kiss. She smiled as she pulled back to rest her head on his chest and listened to his heartbeat.

He smiled as he gathered her small thin frame in his arms and flopped the queen sized laughed as she gave a huff but got comfortable in his hold. He smiledlikea conentcat ashe hld herand inhahled her knew that if he didn't have her to come to every night he would be no better then the junkies he peddled his drug to.

She was his reason for living and he would embrace his role as the GraveRobber and do it willingly if not stylishly if it meant keeping her happy and alive.

****Males: Kyoya Hibari & Tsuna Sawada****

****Series: Katekyô Hitman Reborn!****

* * *

><p>Kagome smiled happily as she sat in front of her mirror and got ready for her date with her husband, Tsuna, it wasn't often that he had free time to spend with her, hell ever since they had graduated high school he had been so caught up in the family business that he barely had time for her anymore. Now she wasn't daft, she knew just what kind of business he and most of their friends were involved with, but hey they were her friends so it didn't matter to her.<p>

She smiled lightly at Hibari as he entered her room, she was no longer embarrassed to been seen half dressed by him, he had been her personal body guard for the past five plus years. In those years many things had happened, and yes he had seen her naked. She grumbled under her breath about stupid people attacking her in the bath. She blinked as he sat on her bed and watched her get ready.

"What's up?" She rolled her eyes as he just stared at her, even though she had known him for more then five years he was still so hard to understand sometimes. She often wondered why Tsuna had assigned him to watch over her twenty four seven. She always consoled herself that he knew what he was doing and that Hibari was her guardian for a reason. She smiled at the thought of her husband, this was going to be the first time in a month that she would get to see him.

Yes, a month, now normal women would be sad, mad, and downright pissed, but she understood the pressure he was under and never complained not even once. She knew what she was getting into when they had started dating in high school, to get mad now would be downright stupid. Even so, she had to admit to herself the long lonely nights were starting to get to her, how she longed to be able to bed held in warm arms as she drifted to sleep.

She shook her head and finished applying her light make up and stood up, clad in nothing but her black lingerie and thigh high stockings. She grabbed her little black dress and easily stepped into it zipping it as far as she could. "Hibari can you zip me up?" She blushed lightly as he stepped up behind her and zipped her up. She met his stoic gaze in her mirror and blushed even more. She pulled away with a light cough and sat back down at her vanity table. He to reclaimed his seat on her bed, now all she had to do was wait for her husband to show up. It wouldn't take long, he had promised he would pick her up at eight.

She forced a smile as she glanced at her clock, it was now nine, so what if he was an hour late if he was going to cancel he would have called right? She sighed looked away from the clock and smiled at Hibari in the reflection. He had been sitting with her for the past hour, just sitting there silently watching her. She had long ago gotten used to his staring, yes at first it had unnerved her but now it was an everyday thing. She fidgeted lightly, her fingers playing with the golden bracelet on her wrist, it was her first year anniversary gift from her husband.

She sighed sadly as she glanced at the clock, it was now ten. "He's not coming is he?" She stared sadly at her reflection not expecting an answer. His silence always said it all yet this time he decided to answer her. "No." She blinked surprised by his silent one word answer. "I seeâ€|is he with _her_?" She felt her anger rise at the mention of her husbands 'secret' lover. It was the same girl he had been head over heels in love with in his freshmen year of high school. Before he had met her and fallen in love with her.

She snorted at her thoughts, if he loved her then why wasn't he with her right now? Instead he was most likely in her bed holding her in his arms. It should be her, his wife, not thatâ€|that floozy who was no doubt in his arms. She glared at Hibari in her mirror, her eyes meeting his, begging for him to answer her. "Yes." She gasped lightly tears gathering in her eyes, she knew he was with her but to hear itâ€|

Her shoulders slumped as silent tears ran down her face, she sighed softly as she buried her head in her arms which were resting on the table. _"Happy fucking birthday to me."_ Her words were muffled by her arms yet the sadness was all that one needed to hear to know what she was feeling. She felt anger well up inside her, how dare he do this to her? On her birthday no less? She sat up and glared at herself in the mirror. That bastard! He had promised to love honor and cherish her! Not to neglect, lie and cheat on her! She glared down at the bracelet on her wrist and in a fit of rage tore it off and tossed it across the room.

She collapsed on the table her face hidden by her arms, why? Why had it turned out like this? When they had gotten married everything was fine, perfect in a sense. Yet in the past two years he had become distant, staying out all night because of 'business'. Then, then he just stopped coming home all togetherâ€|why? She sobbed lightly into her arms cursed herself for falling in love with Tsuna. Yes, even now she still loved him, as foolish as it sounded. She loved him and probably would until the day she died and that, that was what hurt her the most.

She calmed herself minutes later, having learned some time ago that sitting around and crying about it got her nowhere. No, she was the wife of the Tenth boss, she was not weak. She shakily stood up and walked over to the discarded and broken bracelet, picking it up with tender care and clutched it to her chest. She then made her way to her bed, where the still silent Hiabari sat. "Will you lay with me?" It was the same question she asked when she was stood and she knew she would get the same answer. "No. But I will sit by you." She nodded as she laid on her bed, still all dressed up, make up and all and curled in on herself hugging the bracelet to her chest as he sat on the chair near her bed.

She cried silently as she stared at him, honestly she knew why her husband had chosen Hibari to be her guardian. Even though he cared deeply for her he would never cross _that _line. No, he was far to loyal to her husband, as was she. Even so she couldn't help but to long for someone to hold her in their arms and make her feel like she was loved, cherished, and safe. Yet, as she laid there and stared into his eyes, tears flowing down her face, she knew, she knew she was all of those even if the words would never be said, even if the feelings would never be acted on she knew.

16. Hellsing: Alucard & Alexander Anderson

****Males: Alucard & Alexander Anderson****

****Series: Hellsing****

* * *

><p>Kagome smiled up at the tall menacing vampire that towered above her. "Hello Alucard-san." He just leered down at her, taking in her curves, which were still visible underneath her miko robes, a feat in itself. Her eyes glittered lightly, she knew where he was looking and it really didn't matter. "How are you tonight?"<p>

He grinned and leaned down so he could look her in the eyes, he was impressed that she still held her smile, then again she was not a normal woman. "I am just fine, as are you." She blushed lightly at his words. "Why thank you, thoughâ€|I can't help but to wonder why you have sought me out, I am not on a mission." He smirked and inhaled her scent, "I was merely out for a walkâ€|when I caught your delicious scent."

She smiled at him as he tried to spook her by showing his fangs, he was a very fun individual, it was a shame their organizations didn't often see eye to eye and they were forced to meet on the battle field more often then not. "Once again I must thank you for your compliment." He grinned and moved closer to her, his fangs scraping against her shoulder.

She blushed as he invaded her personal space, yes she knew he wouldn't actually drink her blood, one he would have to ask his master first and two her holy blood would purify him from the inside out. She blinked as he sighed disappointedly muttering under his breath, "Damn it would seem your guard dog has arrived." With that he pulled away just in time for a knife to wiz by where his neck had been seconds ago.

She blinked and turned to where the knife had come, knowing who it was, and smiled happily at the angry priest, "Hello Anderson-san." He nodded lightly letting her know he had heard her never taking his hate filled eyes of a mischievous looking Alucard. "Hello priesty." He glared at him and threw another knife, rather then answer him.

Alucard chuckled as he let the knife stab his shoulder, he turned to Kagome dismissing Anderson, "You really should teach your guard dog some manners." He winked at her as he pulled out the knife and let it fall to the ground. He smirked as he felt the murderous glare on his person. "Awwâ€|Kagome-chan, I don't think your guard dog likes me very much."

Kagome sighed, these two, honestly it was always the same whenever they met. Banter, bicker, fight, try and kill. Then again she understood they had been this way long before she had been transferred here from Japan. Everyone had a past, herself included, so she had no right to pry or try and change them. She blinked when she felt a shadow fall over her, she looked up and smiled when she saw Alucard looming over her.

Alucard smirked, feeling Anderson's anger rise with each passing second, oh he would never tire of messing with the blond priest. He smirked as he leaned down and stole a quick kiss from Kagome's pink plump lips and pulled away. "Well, as much fun as it has been I must take my leave." With that he winked at Kagome and melted into the shadows, just in time to because seconds later a barrage of knives showered down on where he was.

Kagome sighed, bringing her fingers up to touch her lips for a second and let them fall to her side as she turned to face a grumpy looking Anderson. He frowned as he walked over to her and looked her over for any injuries. He frowned even more as his eyes kept wandering back to her bruised lips, making his scowl deepen. She sighed knowing he was in a foul mood now, and no doubt feeling guilty about the stolen kiss. He had made it his self declared mission to protect her from everything evil in the world.

She smiled happily at the priest, "Anderson-san, I'm fine really. He didn't hurt me, I promise." Anderson nodded grimly still not reassured, that thing had dared to put his hands, no his lips, on his holy lady. He blinked as she grabbed his hand with hers and linked their fingers. He briefly thought that his hands were not worthy of touch her, he might taint her with his blood stained hands. Yet, when he looked down and saw her happy smile directed at him he dismissed it.

Kagome smiled happily as she lead the priest down the street, she could feel his very soul relax, the tension leaving his body as he wrapped his large rough fingers around her small hand. She knew he often thought himself tainted and unworthy of her friendship. She mentally snorted, if anything she was the tainted one, she blinked dismissing those thoughts.

Today was a nice day, it was her day off and most likely would be her last one for a while she was going to enjoy it, damnit. She smiled happily as they walked down the street, she mentally rolled her eyes as the shadows around them danced with power, that man er vampire. She laughed lightly enjoying her walk with the two men who were like night and day.

17. Shiki: Tatsumi

Male: Tatsumi

Series: Shiki

* * *

><p>Plump pink lips puckered lightly as a small breath of air left them, it went unnoticed by the newly risen Shiki who was still clothed in the traditional white burial robes. Bored blue eyes locked with deep golden ones yet flickered away in boredom. This happened almost every other night, a newly risen Shiki would rise and it would be their job to welcome them to the 'family'.<p>

She internally snorted as she turned from her perch on the windowsill to look out at the moon from the few gaps in the boards that covered the windows. Family her ass, no matter what Sunako said they were not

family but victims of her delusional plot to change the world.

She had been changed by the small child herself twenty years ago; she had barely finished her quest in the past and had stumbled out of the well when she had been attacked by the small vampire child. She had been drained that night, her blood sang to the small child who was far older then she looked.

She had awoken the next day in an abandoned house, all boarded up and left to rot, and had been given the welcoming speech by Tatsumi, at first she had thought him truly her friend. Outgoing, happy go lucky, easy to get along with and over all nice guy who just like her had been dragged into the mess that was Sunako's plan.

How wrong she had been, when they had figured out she was a Jinrou, just like him, he had attached himself to her. Calling her his perfect mate, it was then she saw the side of him he normally hid from others. His cruel evil sadistic side. His golden eyes would fade to black his irises red and his normally handsome face would melt into a horrific twisted version of perverted evil.

His short semi spiky blue hair would seem to become more ragged, the weird cat like looking tufts of hair on his head would stand straighter and it shamed her to admit it but he looked so much sexier like that. She herself had such a side but had a tight rein on it, she never indulged in blood drinking herself unless he forced it on her. She was more then content to waste away. If not for the fact that she, like him, was a day walker she would have stood out in the sun and happily welcomed death like an old friend.

"Come now, you don't want me to drag you out into the sun to die do you?" His voice was cheerful as he glared down at the newly risen boy, he looked no older then fifteen, five years younger then she had been when she had been changed. The poor boy scrambled to grasp onto Tatsumi's leg and clung to it in fear.

"N-no I don't want to die again please!" She sighed as she stood up gaining the boys attention. She gazed down at him her blue eyes glowing in the dark, a byproduct of her once miko status, and with light graceful steps she made her way to him, her ankle length black skirt wishing with her movements, and kneeled before him.

With small dainty hands she cupped the boys cheek, wiping away his tears and gave him a small sad knowing smile. "Hush now, though you don't want to you have to feed on humans to live. If it makes it any easier for you think of them as cattle, merely food." She smiled sweetly all the while on the inside she was disgusted by the lies that spewed from her lips like honey.

Long ago she had stopped fighting, Tatsumi knew how to break her and build her back up again just to break her if she disobeyed or displeased him. As much as she hated it she had let herself fall into his hands and part of her enjoyed it. It was truly a love hate relationship. She cleared her thoughts of her mate from her mind as the boy threw himself at her and sobbed.

She merely rubbed his back and let out soothing coos, she could tell from Tatsumi's dark glare that he was not happy at the way the new recruit clung to her yet held his tongue. He had learned a while ago that you would catch more flies with honey then vinegar, hence his

happy go lucky persona, yet there were some who could just tell what he was like deep down.

This boy was one of them.

That was where she came in, she had a natural ability to draw people in, to make them trust and care for her. Sunako often mused that was what had given her the push to be a Jinrou, the second ever in existence. She was able to stay awake during the day and be out in the sun in order to help take care of their family. Deep down she knew the theory had merit.

As much as she hated what she had become her heart still warmed at the thought that others need her to care for them. To look for and protect them. While she could never have children of her own she viewed each new member of their family as her own, to look after and care for.

To love.

With an encouraging smile she gave a gentle nudge to the newly risen and smiled as he sniffled but edged his way into the adorning room and picked up the limp wrist of what would be his first meal. With sad yet proud eyes she watched as he sunk his fangs into the tender flesh and began to feed, tears still leaking from his red eyes.

With a sigh she allowed herself to be helped up by Tatsumi, his strong arms wrapping around her as he crushed her to him, his grip was painfully tight as he held her, a loving smile on his face as he gripped her chin and made her look up at him. His eyes betrayed his anger at the way the other male had handled her yet the smile on his face was sweet and loving.

She merely smiled back, having learned to craft a mask just as well as his own if not better. She ignored the way his nails bit into her skin and wrapped her own thin pale arms around his waist, her skin a pale contrast to the red best she wore. His eyes shone red as he captured her lips in a harsh punishing if not primal kiss before breaking it.

"You did well Kagome." She merely hummed and turned in his arms to face the feeding new born and entwined her fingers with those of her mate's, which were resting on her stomach wrinkling her plain white shirt, as he chuckled and watched over the newest member of their ever growing family.

End
file.